

Boys Education

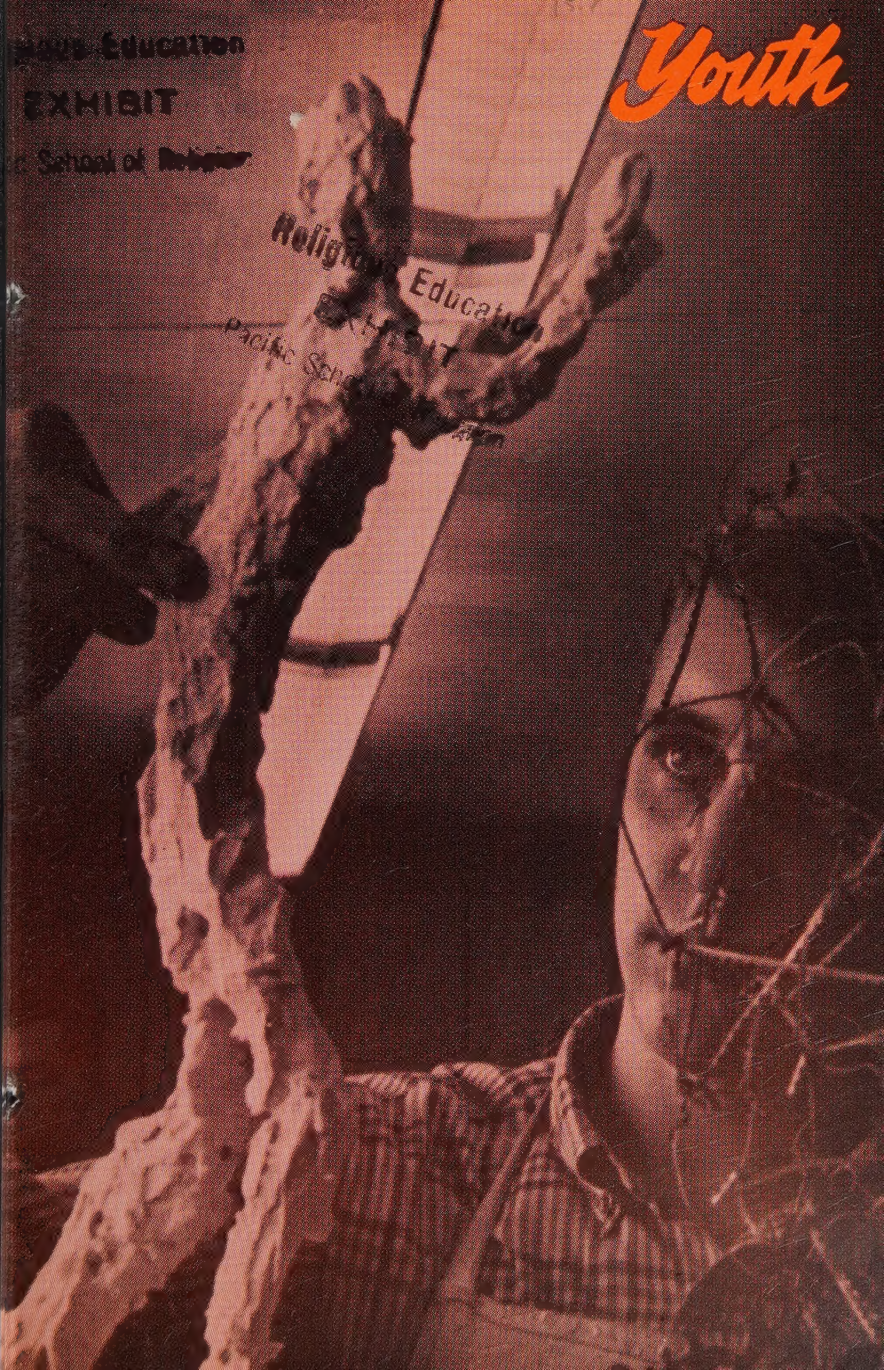
EXHIBIT

School of Religion

*Youth*

Religious Education  
EXHIBIT

Pacific School







O God:

Take fire and burn away the guilt of our lying hypocrisies;  
Take water and wash away our brothers' blood which we have caused  
to be shed;

Take hot sunlight and dry the tears for which we are responsible  
because of pain we have inflicted upon other human beings;

Take love and root it like a giant oak in the malignant soil of  
our prejudices and hatreds concerning the humanity you have  
created and passionately love;

Take us, and mold us into saints who will have learned from you  
what is the true meaning of justice, equality, integration,  
and love;

Take our imperfect prayers and purify them, so that we mean what  
we pray, and are prepared to give our selves to you along with  
our words;

Through Jesus Christ, who did not disdain to take our humanness  
upon him and live among us, sharing in every way our life,  
our joys, and our pains.

Amen.



**WORDS**

**WORDS**

**WORDS**

**and MEANINGS!**

*The ministry of Rev. Malcolm Boyd takes him many places where the youth are. As Protestant Episcopal chaplain at Wayne State University in Detroit, Mr. Boyd joined last year's spring rush to Daytona Beach (left) in an effort to confront vacationing youth with the gospel. Here he discusses an authentic Christianity in today's world.*

Youth has taken refuge behind a mask, a deadpan expression, a curious silence, a rebellion which is so sophisticated it has learned to hide many of the symbols of its true feeling.

Last spring I was in Daytona, Florida, during the vacation week when 70,000 students from all parts of the United States trekked to the beach town to let off repressions, seek a good time and just be together outside the real or alleged tyrannies of the adult world.

While youth is itself estranged from the adult world on the basis of different beliefs, loyalties and goals, it is nonetheless expected to conform to the rules of that world and to "play the game" which the adult world prescribes.

So, quite naturally a youth sub-culture has come into being. It has established its own morality and system of ethics. It has its



# Youth

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own beliefs. It responds to its own idea of laughter and sense of sadness. All this is inexplicable to the adult world and hidden from it.

Communication with the adult world is a tricky business. When communication with adults is honest, adults may assume it is dishonest. Sometimes, in order for communication with adults to be considered honest, it must be patently dishonest. Interestingly, youth is inclined to be disarmingly honest and open to truth whereas the adult world is a complex jungle of double standard moralities, socially-accepted hypocrisy and ingrained cultural rules.

Sometimes when I am with youth and adults together, in a social situation combining them both, I observe the surface, brittle, superficial conversation of the adults which is matched by a deafening silence on the part of the youth. This is a deceptive outward silence which keeps a lid tightly clamped upon a roaring cauldron of sound and feeling which seems simply waiting to erupt, possibly with considerable violence. Of course youth dislikes having its elders labeled as "adults"

## **Christianity is a faith—not a fantasy nor a cult**

If only they—just by virtue of age—hold some kind of monopoly on adulthood. And as a matter of fact, many youth today are more mature in given areas of life than are their elders. The word “adult” can be quite misleading in its usage.

An old adage about preaching goes like this: “What you are shouts loudly, I can’t hear what you’re saying.” This refers to the vast gulf between many public preachments, on the one hand, and public actions, on the other. It is precisely this same adage which youth is now relating to the adult world. Youth hears the world say what is right and wrong. It then stands by and watches the distressing, shocking breakdown in practice when it is antithetical to preaching.

The racial problem in the United States is a good example of this. Most white Christians are taught in their churches that racial segregation—or, for that matter, segregation of any kind between persons—is a sin. However, after hearing this in Sunday church school classes, youth walk home from church only to discover a rigidly segregated world of white supremacy and discrimination against Negroes. (Tragically, they usually find it inside the church, too.) It is a protest against such hypocrisy which has led youth in the U. S. to become deeply involved in the “freedom movement” which is sweeping the country.

Youth also observe Christians who talk about the niceties of “morality” but then go right on practicing a hard line of anti-Semitism or, at least, housing, employment and other kinds of discrimination towards Jews. Youth, in its honesty, is disturbed by such an understanding of morality.”

If youth seems to be sullen or disinterested on the surface, it is often because of a deep-seated rebellion against empty smiles, small-talk which prevents serious conversation and just talk, talk, talk itself which covers up meaningful silence. Silence can be devastatingly threatening to the adult world. Silence means that questions can come up to the surface of life and pop out. Such questions can shatter a phony structure of life.

Youth want to ask these questions, of themselves and others. It is a part of their search for meaning, purpose and reality in a mixed-up world which often hates instead of loves and, for the first time in history, possesses the power to blow everybody’s brains out.



**Often sin is wrongly defined as sex. But sin is real**

The Church has the vocation to proclaim the Christian gospel to youth, as, indeed, to the whole culture comprising contemporary life. This gospel must say to youth that Jesus Christ is Lord of the totality of human life, not merely Lord of a narrow spectrum of life labeled "religion." Therefore, it must be comprehended that Jesus Christ is Lord over politics, sexuality, economics, the arts and sociology. A Christian, honestly professing discipleship of Jesus Christ, is called to relate his Christian faith and the Christian gospel to all these areas of human life in a radical way. I am afraid that many Christian—or, perhaps I should say, nominally Christian—youth have not seriously comprehended this.

Not long ago I asked a number of youth to write some definitions down on paper for me. I suggested they not sign their names to the papers because I wanted the truth and did not want them to feel forced to make any kind of favorable impression upon me.

First, I asked the youth to define God. They could not do so. Yet these youth had all been to Sunday church school and came from homes which would claim to be "Christian." Next, I asked them to define Jesus Christ. The only meaningful answer was this one: "The name I call on when I can call on no other name."

When asked to define hell, a number of students responded that it is a geographical location. One wrote: "It is about three miles below the surface of the earth, and its fahrenheit is in proportion to its degree of depth." There seemed to be no cognizance of hell as a condition of the soul and the mind, a rejection of the sovereignty or the presence of God, a breaking-off of relationship with God and man. But this wasn't surprising, when the same youth failed to identify Jesus Christ as the God-man who entered into human life and shared completely in the pain and joy of the human condition.

"Who is the Holy Spirit?" Few could answer. But this is not surprising, because the Holy Spirit is God-with-us in human life, moving through our human social and personal structures, relating, healing, changing men's lives. If people do not practice the presence of God in their work, sexuality and entertainment, how could they be expected to define the Holy Spirit?

## self-love and man's separation from God

The students defined the Church as a place. One wrote: "The Church is where I go on Sunday morning to pay for Saturday night." Another penned: "The Church is where I go for refuge from the world and for good choir music." Anyone possessing such a definition of the Church would be far better off outside it. In truth, the Church is not a place or building at all. It is a community, the great community of the people of God.

Sin? Well, most students said it is sex. This is an awful thing to say about both sin and sex. Sin is really self-love and separation from God. There are sins of commission and omission, but, too, there are social sins such as prejudice and bad housing and corrupt politics. Sex, on the other hand, is a part of God's creation and is good. To look upon it as being sinful is sick. Certainly, a misuse of sex—as a misuse of nuclear energy or alcohol or cigarettes—is sinful because it represents an egoistical manipulation of some part of God's creation in a way which accomplishes real harm.

Christianity is a faith, and a way of life, rooted in personal relationship and communion with Jesus Christ. Christianity is revolutionary, radical, shaking, relating every part of human life to every other part of human life. It is not a puritanical system of negatives. It is not some cult of religiosity which hands out spiritual tranquilizers and builds a dollhouse church life. It is not fantasy.

Christianity is based on the reality of God's redeeming love for man. This is a love which recognizes that it must extend to social justice. One cannot claim to love God if he does not love his brother. Christianity involves a Christian in politics, race relations, religion, economics, sociology . . . in every aspect of human life.

Many, many youth today are strongly turning away from Christianity. I find this to be true from coast-to-coast. They are not, in truth, turning away from Christ or authentic Christianity; they are only rejecting the distorted and false ideas concerning Christianity which they have mistakenly held. It is clearly the duty and function of the Church to teach—not only by words, but by actions and deeds—what constitutes authentic Christianity in today's world.

—MALCOLM BOYD



*ALONE AGAINST THE CROWD/Wh*





*; the charge you bring against this man?*





*He's a threat to us! Away with him!*

I rule these people. It's my job to protect them and to maintain order and justice. But above all, I've got to keep myself in power. This man standing before me looks harmless, yet he teaches that a citizen's first loyalty is to God. He says an unjust law made by unjust men is against the law of God. But I say that laws are made to discipline people and not to please a God. If I'm to preserve order, the people must obey the laws. I'm safe in power if I can keep the majority in line and satisfied. The majority wants this man out of the way. But what if this man is right? I certainly don't want to appear ignorant in the eyes of those who know he's right. Yet I cannot permit him to challenge my authority and threaten my power. I suspect his own goodness will spoil his chances to succeed! He's so good he doesn't seem real to the mob. They're too indifferent to see the truth of what he says. They're too selfish to see the power of his virtue. They're too insecure to risk themselves to do the right even when they know they're wrong. I'll just wash my hands of the whole affair and let the mob solve my dilemma.

*Free the thief! But give us this man! Show him mob justice!*

I'm a fighting man! I get what I want by force. People are afraid of me. When I don't like something, I shout louder than the rest or I shake my fist or I bang my sword. Just a hint of violence keeps people humble. When I first heard this guy talking treason, I thought he was one of us. But he's like all the rest. He's afraid to fight. Some say he's a man of love. But don't let him fool you with that non-violence stuff. He's dangerous. If allowed to go free, he'll stir up a lot of trouble in our land. If the government won't do anything to stop him, we'll take the law into our own hands.

*Whip him! Maim him! Mock him! Make him respect force!*

I'm a practical man. None of this vague, mysterious religion junk for me! Let's be practical! What you cannot see or touch, just doesn't exist. I don't believe in anything I cannot prove. This faith stuff is a fraud. It's for the dreamer! The idealist! This religious leader is simply feeding on the emotions of the people and is intoxicating their minds with all this talk about God. If God created man, then why didn't he



make all men perfect? If God is love, why do men suffer? If God is so powerful, then why doesn't this man here prove his God-given power? Let's face it. Man alone controls this world. Religion is a drug. Don't let this man poison you. Get rid of this faker before he dupes everybody.

*Religion is an opiate. There is no God! This man is a fraud.*

I am a religious man! I read the scriptures precisely. I never miss a day of prayer. I insist on perfect obedience to the holy law. I am impatient with those who desecrate the sabbath. I never stray from the traditions of the past. I believe all that I am asked to believe and I denounce those who doubt or disagree. What more can God demand of me? And yet this man says my religious life is a mockery! He claims that my ceremonious acts and pious deeds defile all that is godly.

*He destroys our religion! He acts like God! Heretic!*

I am a good man. I am nice to my family. I give to the poor. I select my friends carefully. I do not use foul language. And it pays to be good, for good people are respected. If I am capable of being good, why can't other men be good? It seems to me that the answers to life's problems are simply black and white. And so I feel sorry for



those people who have not yet found my peace of mind. But then this man came along. He makes life's problems seem so much more complex, not easier. He says it is wrong even to think an evil thought. It is right to love your enemy. It is wrong to do a good deed if your motive is to seek reward for your goodness. It is right to have compassion for prostitutes, tax collectors, mentally ill, beggars, and lepers. What kind of man is this? This type of talk is a threat to good men everywhere.

*This man upsets our way of life! He's sneaky! He's subversive!*

I am a young man! But I know much more than my youth reveals. I see the sham and shallowness all around me. And this man has seen it, too! He has spoken truth. But the people fear him! My parents are shaken. My teachers are shocked. My countrymen are aroused. Why won't they listen? Why are they blind? Why do they turn the other way? Is this man wrong? Am I wrong, too? Why should I believe in him? Why should I risk rejection at home, at school and all around me just to follow this man? I have a whole life ahead of me. Why should I throw my future away?

*Away with him! Out of my sight! Crucify him!*

I am a follower of this man. How can I believe what I see? Why does he let them do this to him? Why can't those people understand that he means no harm to them? I feel so helpless. We don't know what we're doing. I'm afraid. I'm not sure of myself. Yet, I must do something. The least I can do is give him a decent burial.

*He is dead and buried. It's good riddance. Now his followers are helpless without him. Their power is gone. Now our consciences can rest in peace.*

But he won't let us rest. Even in death he shakes up my parents. They've heard rumors. But I've talked secretly with some of his young followers. Many have just seen this man alive. If he has conquered death, what manner of man is he? Can this truly be the Son of God? And if I really believe in this risen Christ, nothing can be the same again! I must choose. What will my answer be?





## Be Fair to the Beatles

You mention nary a word concerning the Beatles in your March 1 issue, but your visual inference with no comment was extremely disturbing. I have been reading YOUTH for a long time now and I thought such a cut was below your usually high standards. If you dislike the Beatles, it would have been much better just to say so in print. At least then you could have supported your opinion. As it is, I am inclined to think your "comment" meaningless since it is not backed by any reasons, valid or otherwise.

What's more, it wasn't even suitable to mention the Beatles in your special folk-singing issue since the two types of music are just not comparable. You wouldn't try to compare Dixieland with Mozart, would you? Well it's the same thing. Personally I enjoy both types.

Your "criticism" was also unfair to the Beatles themselves as persons. They make no claims to be great singers and their repertoire consists of many songs that two of them, John Lennon and Paul McCartney, have written.

My opinion of the Beatles is that they are four young men who have worked long and hard on their type of music and its presentation. They deserve as much a chance of succeeding as anyone else.

I sincerely hope that you will never express your opinion in this manner again. Without a written

## touch & go

statement clearly expressing your sentiments on the subject, I am afraid this article could be and probably was taken as extremely derogatory. Perhaps this was what you meant at all, but what's done is done. As it is, I feel that you owe the Beatles an apology.

—N.T., Chicago, Ill.

## What Makes Christianity Unique?

I have a copy of "Man and His Religions" (YOUTH, September 29, 1963) and while I can appreciate all the effort that went into this piece of work, and all the beauty of it—and while I can appreciate your editorial plea for understanding and treatment of one another as brothers and the importance of *all men in God's sight*—I am afraid you omitted *the unique difference in Christianity*.

I do not find a true representation of the Christian faith in that issue, because to me our faith stands or falls upon the *Risen Christ*, and "the Resurrection" is what I cannot find in this issue, and so its value fades away for me.

If my Lord and Savior is not risen, then He is only a great teacher and it can be argued that there have been many great teachers and healers, and martyrs. But where else in all of history is



there another who laid down his life and then *arose from the dead* to reappear again and again to his disciples to inspire them and fire them to "turn the world upside down" and bring every son of God—every precious son of God—back to "Our Father?"

How can you (on the page about Christianity) start the second paragraph with: "After His death, the message of Jesus was carried by His disciples, etc."? That is *not* what happened! After his death, the disciples of Christ were crushed men! They were completely bewildered and disillusioned and defeated! They were *beaten* for their Master—their great leader—was dead like any other person. They could not follow a dead man—one who could be crucified and buried like any other mere man. BUT HE AROSE! ! ! and they lost all fear of death and the grave and forevermore they were convinced that God holds His own world in His own hands.

How can you say—"It was the organizational genius of a Jew named Saul of Tarsus, later Paul, etc."—without acknowledging that Saul was confronted (on the road to Damascus) by Christ and CONVERTED by that encounter with the *Risen Christ* who was sent into the world by the power of God, grew and served by the power of God, suffered and died by the power of God, and was *raised to*

*life* again by the power of God to draw all men to "Our Father" by the power of God?

Please ask Christians why they follow Christ to God. Please ask them why they are on fire with a world-wide concern for every human being and the health of his soul. Please ask Christians why they follow Christ Jesus and no other, and I am confident that they will say as I do—"It is because of the *Risen Christ*."

I feel very strongly that we lose people for Christ when we do not lead them to an encounter with "the *Risen Lord*," for it is the *Risen Christ*, God's only begotten Son, anointed and resurrected that is worthy to rule and does rule alone in our hearts.

—N.R., Woodhaven, N.Y.

### **A Southerner Speaks Up**

As a Presbyterian and a Southerner, may I commend you most heartily for your October 27, 1963 issue of YOUTH (Racial Justice Now). Your magazine has done what others have not done. It has combined the Christian viewpoint with history and facts, provided examples and views of authorities, even teenagers, and presented with understanding a clear and vivid picture. What more can I say? Your magazine has enlightened, inspired, impressed, and given pity, understanding, sympathy, yet hopefulness, to me, and I pray to many, many others.

—M. L. R., New Iberia, La.

# TO CREATE

"How would you feel if a Negro family moved next door to you?" the art teacher asked his class of juniors and seniors in a suburban high school.

"Don't give me an easy answer now, but think seriously about it. Feel it deeply, if you can."

And the classroom hummed with discussion, not only about racial tensions but about other problems facing them as individuals and as a nation. Why such a discussion in an art class? The teacher, Mr. Karl Neuroth, of North Penn High School, Lansdale, Pa., believes that "art is communication."

And genuine communication is a personal thing. If art is to be good art it reflects a person's deepest feelings and thoughts about himself, about the world in which he lives, and about the meanings of life itself.

Inspired by the class discussion and using the art form of woodcuts, the students tried to communicate what they thought and felt.



**. . . IS TO  
LEARN  
ABOUT LIFE**





# "THE LAST SUPPER" BY CARL KOCMAN

I wanted to express my own feelings about how the Last Supper really happened, instead of making the traditional scene of everybody sitting around a table. The man isolated from the rest is Judas. I wanted to show that he didn't belong with the rest, but stands apart asking for forgiveness.









## "EXPLOITATION" BY ABBY MONTGOMERY

I sincerely believe that the female sex is being taken advantage of and exploited: film stars are sex symbols, newspaper stands are flooded with girlie magazines, feminine clothing exposures and entices. It appears to me that a sexual revolution has started and with it a tragic forward movement. I hope the women of the future will regret their sexual aloofness and casualness of the 60's and once again become women in the true sense of the word.









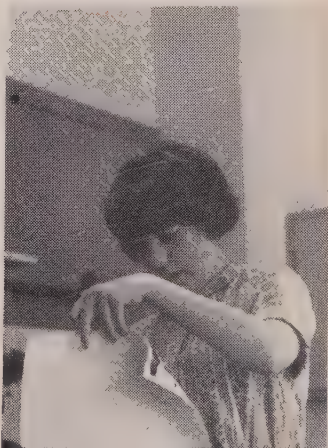
# "POINT OF EXTREME FEAR" BY JOHN STOUT

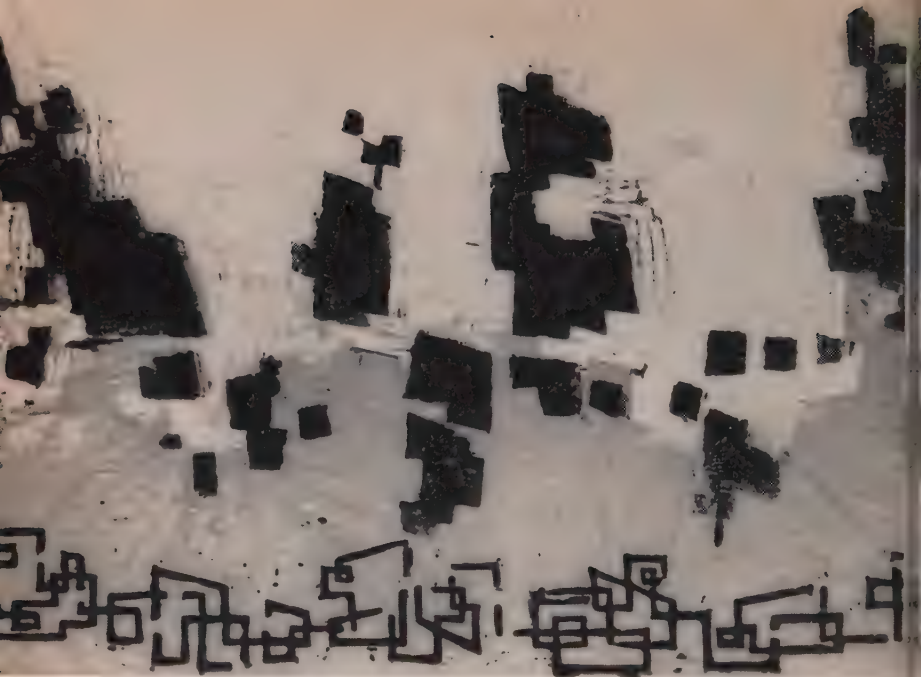
In this print I tried to express the feeling a person has when he experiences extreme fear—as if all the world were pressing in on him. That is why I chose the image of a clenched fist threatening to crush the curled-up figure of a man.



The mother clasping her daughter's hand seemed to me to show security. The outlining in white on a dark background seemed to bring out the kind of pure love between a mother and child which communicates the feeling of being needed.

# "SECURITY" BY REGINA SEIPLE





"309-A" BY CHARLOTTE ALEXANDER

This print was an attempt to show the death of a fighting bull. It was printed three times to get a feeling of motion. With each printing the colors became darker to represent the approach of death. The print was done to protest bull fighting.







"AFTERMATH" BY RICHARD REINER

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The broken, abstracted line of this print suggests a city devastated by nuclear war. The fire is also abstract and shoots up above the city. This idea came through to me knowing the power of these nuclear weapons. The reading of *On the Beach* and *Triumph* influenced my thoughts to some extent.





**"ALMS" BY MARY LOUISE O'CONNOR**

Just what motivated this print, I am not sure. I often feel that people neglect to realize that vast numbers in this 20th century have to swallow their pride and are forced to beg for their meager living conditions. The quality of the print, to me, left a lot to be desired, yet I am fairly confident I achieved what I set out to do—show the meaning of poverty.

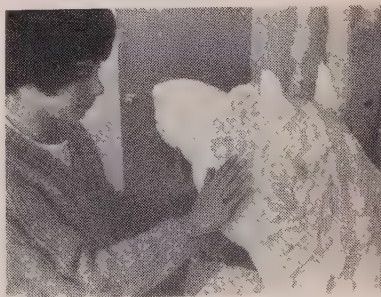






**"BEWILDERMENT" BY TOM HARVEY**

The youth of today's modern world is frustrated by the things adults do and by what they say, which in many instances are two different things. The youth in my wood cut has been utterly confused for a long time and is now looking for help from heaven. In his realization of heaven he is indirectly recognizing God—who is his hope.



**"MAN'S INNER DESTRUCTION—HIS MIND" BY CHRISTINE GLEBE**

Deep contemplation concerning the world situation gave me my inspiration for this woodcut. Since man's greatest danger of destruction outwardly appears to be nuclear war, I decided to consider the underlying cause of eventual destruction. This, to me, seems to be man's evil mind.

## THE ROLE OF THE ART TEACHER

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**... to  
challenge  
these artists  
and leaders  
of tomorrow  
to think ...**

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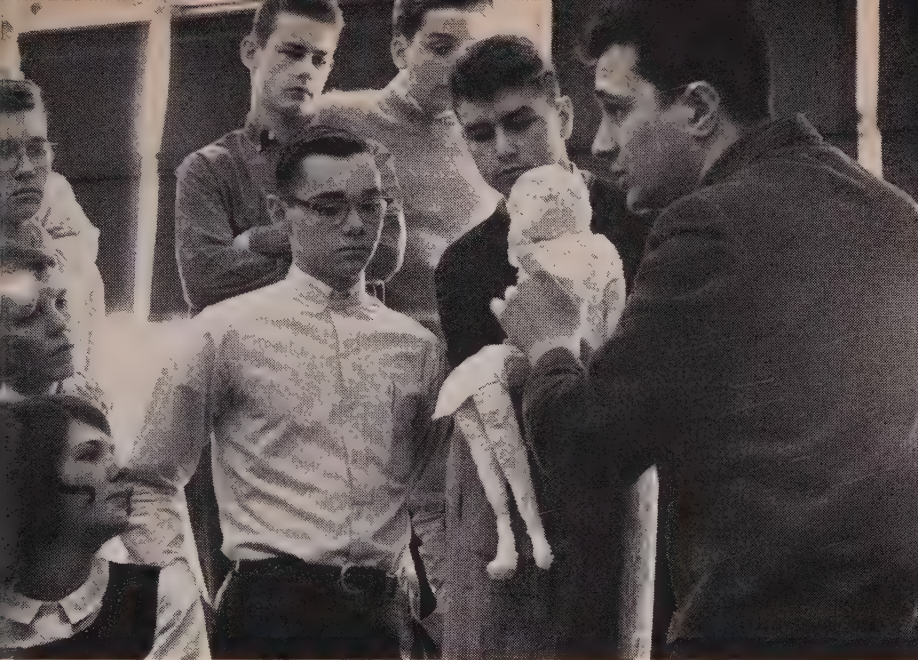


In my own work and in my teaching, I begin with the hypothesis that art is communication. Throughout history the truly monumental and lasting works of art (unless meant as pure decoration and sometimes even this) have been an important comment on the times in which they were born, and often, they have projected their message into the future as well.

The art of the 20th century has seemed to many to have become a playground—even a contest—of *non*-communication. This may or may not actually be the case. Perhaps only the perspective of passing time will fully decide that question. But if the creative artist, be he poet, writer, or painter, is to fulfill today the traditional role he *has* played of interpreter and synthesizer of current problems—problems which today seem indecipherable, let alone capable of solution—then surely we must spend ourselves fully to develop young people capable of just this.

This, then, is the role of the art teacher: to challenge these artists and leaders of tomorrow to think, and then to teach them how to put these thoughts into understandable form. With this my goal, I started my art major class on a print-making unit. We began by exploring, first, the media to be used. For, although the idea must always have supremacy





over technique, the limitations naturally imposed by the media must be clear in the artist's mind as he proceeds. I thoroughly demonstrated wood block and linoleum block print-making. Then, in a series of class discussions on such divergent themes as segregation, man's bewilderment in the face of today's complexities, man's relationship to nature, man's relationship to man, etc., each class member attempted to find a theme about which he felt deeply, and about which he felt he had something valid to say. And then, we spent time discussing the mechanics of expressing these ideas symbolically and artistically. The students were especially encouraged to experiment and develop techniques which would most accurately express their idea.

In the end, of course, each theme was expressed by the student in terms of his own personal understanding, experiences, and development to date. Obviously, not all the expressions are sophisticated or fully mature by adult standards. But each is, and for this I am grateful, a serious attempt to honestly convey personal feelings and convictions. Surely no one person can ask more than this of any other.

—KARL NEUROTH

We had left college early so as to get through the city before the traffic became heavy, and by mid-morning we had passed through the smaller border towns. By noon we were in open country with streams running turbulent, and fields green and speckled with flowers.

"It's too bad that your brother can't be there," David said.

"What?" I had been sitting with my head against his shoulder, but now I straightened, tense with shock at his words. "What do you mean?"

"Just that I'd like to meet the whole family." He looked puzzled. "What did you think I meant?"

"I don't know. I—I guess I wasn't listening—day-dreaming." I relaxed a little. "Brucie would love to be there, but he'd already made these plans. You know how boys are."

"Oh, sure," David said. "It doesn't matter. I imagine he'll be seeing a good deal of me soon enough."

He smiled at me, the warm, lopsided smile that was David, and I tried to concentrate on what a nice smile it was. I waited for happiness to come sliding over me as it always did at such times, covering and protecting me, shutting out all else.

But this time it did not work. Nothing could shut out the memory of my phone call.

I had made it one night after David had left me at the dorm. It had been late enough so that Mamma's voice was worried when she answered.

"Anne! Is something wrong?"

"Everything's fine," I assured her quickly. "I just wanted to tell you I'm coming home for the weekend. And I'm bringing someone with me. A—a friend—David Stanfield."

"The boy you wrote us about?" The worry was replaced by such pleasure that I felt guilt for the months that had passed since my last visit home. "For the whole weekend?"

"We'll be driving back Sunday night. And Mamma, look—I wonder—could Brucie . . ." I faltered.

"Yes?"

"Do you think—oh, what I'm trying to say is, could Brucie spend the weekend with Aunt Katie?"

"Oh, Anne!" There was distress in her voice. "You know how unhappy he is there. There's nothing for him to do, nothing to play with. And Kate's children have been grown so long, she isn't used to watching—she lets him wander off."

# Brucie

a story  
of love



"Mamma," I said, "I've never asked this before, but this time—if I bring David home with me, this is the way it will have to be."

There was a moment's silence. When she spoke again her voice was low.

"It's that way then? This David—this is a serious thing?"

"He wants to marry me," I told her softly.

"Then don't you think—" She stopped herself. "All right. All right, Anne, however you think. We'll do this the way you think best."

Now, relaxed against David's shoulder with the fields falling away on either side and the blue sky resting on the road ahead and home coming nearer, closer with each mile, I thought, I love him. I love him, and I am doing the only thing I can. I must not lose him. With the others it did not matter, but *I must not lose David*.

It was six months since we had met, quietly and naturally in an unromantic way. We were both majoring in education and were teamed for practice teaching in a school close by campus.

"You're a funny girl," David had remarked after our first day of working together. "You're so quiet in class, and then you get with the kids and are a wholly different person. You're so easy and good with them and kind of—experienced. You must have a batch of brothers and sisters."

"Not a batch," I told him. "Just one brother, but I *have* spent a lot of time with him."

"It shows. Everyone who wants to teach should practice on a kid brother. I've got one too; he's on a Scouting kick right now and all but sleeps in his uniform. Is your brother a Scout?"

"No," I said, "but he does love the outdoors."

We talked on. I don't know how long, but I do know that when I went back to the dormitory that night, David's open, clear-eyed look went with me and smiled at me through my dreams and never left me again.

I must not lose him! I must not! Not the way I lost Galen—

It was months since I had thought of Galen Martin—consciously thought of him, that is. He had been part of my senior year in high school, and his photograph, clipped from the sports page of the school paper, was packed away somewhere with a dance card and a faded rose.

I thought I had forgotten the pain. But now, to my amazement, I saw again in my mind the handsome slightly arrogant young face, the broad football shoulders, showing off well in the canary yellow convertible.

"Did you hear who asked Anne to the prom? Galen Martin! Anne's going with Galen Martin!"

"My gosh, how did you swing it? I didn't even think you *knew* him!"

"I don't," I had said. "Not really." Only from daydreams. Only from staring at the back of his neck in math class and from worshiping him at football games. How had it happened? I never quite knew. But when this girl switched to someone else, Galen Martin asked me to the prom.

It was a lovely night, and the top had been down on the yellow convertible. Galen had brought a corsage of sweetheart roses. We had stood in the living room while Mother pinned them on, and Galen, looking very handsome and relaxed and man-of-the-world, had chatted with Daddy. When Galen opened the door for me, and we stepped out onto the porch.



Then we saw Brucie in the driveway.

"What the devil—" Galen's voice had risen in a shout of horror. "My car—you there, what are you doing to my car!"

The water in the convertible had long since reached the top of the doors and was gushing over on all sides like a rectangular waterfall. The pedals, the dashboard, the beautiful expensive cushions, all lay submerged. And Brucie stood there, smiling, holding the hose.

We had still gone to the prom; Daddy had seen to that. He had driven us himself in our car, and had come to pick us up afterward. He had paid for the repairs to the convertible too. But the magic of it all had flown; the evening had been ruined. Galen danced well, but somehow I felt he hated me. It was our first and last date.

"It's not fair!" I had wept into my pillow that night, not wanting Mamma to hear me. But she had heard. She had come and seated herself on the edge of the bed and put her hand on my shoulder.

I had sobbed: "I waited so long for him to notice me! And finally he did—and everything was just beginning—and now it's over!"

"Perhaps it's not," Mamma said. "Perhaps he'll be back. You can't know."

"Oh, I know, all right," I said bitterly. The scene was still so sharp in my mind that my own voice rose in my ears, faltering, explaining: "He didn't mean it, Galen. Brucie likes to wash cars. Daddy lets him help sometimes when he's washing ours. Brucie doesn't understand about a convertible, that you shouldn't get water inside it. He was trying to help—you can't blame him—"

"Can't blame him!" Galen had exclaimed furious. "Can't *blame* him! Good gosh, Anne, look at my car! Just look at it!"

"You can't blame a child," I said. "He doesn't know any better."

"A child!" Galen had repeated. All the man-of-the-world sophistication was gone now. His voice held a combination of revulsion and anger. "How can you call somebody like *that* a child!"

"Because that's what he is," I said.

And later, with Mamma in my room, the feeling that had been with me then came back to me, and I turned to her, frightened. "Mamma, I hated him—Brucie, I mean! At that moment out there with Galen, I really hated him! I—I almost wished for something to happen to him!" My voice broke. "What kind of person am I when I can hate my own brother?"

"What kind of person? Just a girl, Anne, a girl who has had to grow up faster than others. And you didn't hate him. That feeling—don't you think I had it too, back in the beginning? But you reach a point one day when it goes, when it leaves you stronger for having been there. And you know then that it was never hate." She leaned over and kissed me.

"This boy, Galen," she said, "he doesn't matter. There isn't enough to him to matter."

"No," I admitted, "he doesn't matter. Not really." And it was true.

But David does! I thought fiercely. David *does* matter. Nothing in the world must happen to make me lose David!



I straightened a little, and David reached over and touched my hand.

"You're restless. We must be getting close."

"It's only a few miles now," I said. "I—I hope you like them—my home—Mamma and Daddy—"

"I will." The certainty in his voice made the question silly. "I couldn't not like them, when they made you into the girl I love."

We had come around the curve now and down to the bridge where the long stream was tearing over the rocks and the field of yellow daisies stretched upward to the sky. I smiled at him, and then my eyes passed beyond and my breath caught in my throat.

"Dave, stop the car!"

"What—"

"Here! Right here!"

He pulled to the side of the road and switched off the engine. "What is it, honey? What's the matter?"

"Over there," I said, "in that field. That boy!"

"I don't see any—"

"There, picking daisies by the stream! You don't know how dangerous that stream is—the current's terrific. A child falling in there—"

"Anne, what are you talking about?" He was staring at me in bewilderment. "That isn't a child down there. It's a full-grown man."

"He'll fall in," I said. "There's no one to watch him."

"Can't you see, Anne, he's taller than I am?" He was struggling for understanding. "What is it? Is he someone you know?"

For a second I hesitated. I will always be ashamed of that second. Then I opened the door and stepped out onto the shoulder of the road.

There was a fence, and I climbed over it and started down through the daisies. The man by the stream lifted his head and gazed at me without recognition, but he rose trustingly and came to me when I held out my arms.

"Honey," I said, "you shouldn't have left Aunt Katie's. Mamma will be having fits about you. You'll have to come now—but you can bring your flowers."

I held him close for a moment as I had so many times in the past, feeling the man-body in my arms and gazing up into the beautiful, vacant, child-eyes. The years of my childhood rose before me, the quiet, demanding years spent caring for a boy whose mind had never grown. Suddenly I was gripped by a wave of tenderness so violent that it left me shaken.

He is part of me, I thought in amazement—a dear, beloved part like Mamma and Daddy, like my home! If I have strength or gentleness or patience or any of the qualities a man like David can love, if I have anything to offer, it is what Brucie has helped to give me!

Suddenly I felt very peaceful. The shame and sorrow which I had called fate were lost—finished—in the quiet of love. I loosened my arms and turned to wait for David.

When he reached us, I took his hand and said, "Darling, I want you to meet my brother."

—Lois Duncan

NOW  
SHINES  
THE CROSS  
**MYSTERY**  
LIFE DID DEATH ENDURE  
AND YET  
BY DEATH  
DID LIFE  
PROCURE

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